

# BLACK HOOD

COMICS

SUMMER

10¢

AN  
**MLJ**  
MAGAZINE



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#### THE CASE OF THE BLOOD-RED RUBIES

MEMO: THIS CASE WAS OUT OF THIS WORLD! I CAUGHT THE MURDERER, AND YET I DIDN'T! SOUNDS SCREwy, DOESN'T IT? WELL, THAT'S THE KIND OF CASE THIS WAS-A SCREWY CASE!

#### THE CASE OF THE BEAUTIFUL CORPSE

MEMO: OH, BROTHER! I'LL NEVER LIVE THIS ONE DOWN! BEAUTY IS SUPPOSED TO BE ONLY SKIN DEEP, BUT WHEN THEY START CALLING ME THE "BEAUTIFUL MR. BURLAND"-WELL, THAT GETS UNDER MY SKIN-WAY UNDER!

#### THE CASE OF THE FRIENDLY MURDERS

MEMO: I'M VERY SENSITIVE ABOUT SITTING IN THE ELECTRIC CHAIR FOR A MURDER I DIDN'T COMMIT! SO, THE ONLY THING TO DO WAS FIND THE GUY WHO DID IT! A VERY FRIENDLY GUY, I MIGHT ADD!

CONFIDENTIAL FILES OF THE

**Black HOOD**

**PLUS-- GLOOMY GUS - THE HOMELESS GHOST  
AND OTHER SPECIAL FEATURES!!**

# The Black Hood

The CASE  
of the  
*Blood RED  
RUBIES!*



ONE NIGHT--

JEHOSHAPHAT! THAT CABBE'S DRIVIN' LIKE A MADMAN--HE MUST BE DRUNK!



FINALLY, THE CAREENING CAB REACHES ITS DESTINATION-- PRECINCT 71!



POLICE--IT'S MOIDER--RIGHT IN MY CAB!



TAKE IT SLOW, MR. JUST--  
WHAT'S THE TROUBLE,  
NOW?

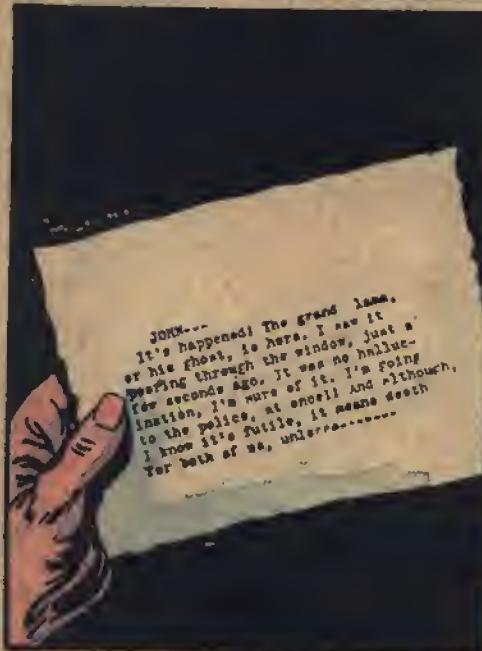


THERE'S A STIFF IN THERE--HE WAS OKAY WHEN HE GOT IN AND ASKED ME TO TAKE HIM TO THE NEAREST STATION HOUSE--BUT HE'S DEAD NOW!



C'MON, SERGEANT MCGINTY!  
LET'S HAVE A LOOK!





AH, HERE IT IS-A  
WALLET! HENRY SIMPSON-  
ARCHAEOLOGIST!

OKAY! NOW,  
HOW'RE WE  
GOING TO  
FIND OUT  
WHO JOHN  
IS?  
IF HE WAS AN ARCHAEOLOGIST, HE  
WAS BOUND TO HAVE GOTTEN INTO  
THE NEWSPAPERS, SO MAYBE  
BARBARA SUTTON CAN HELP  
US!

HELLO, KIP! WHAT-SIMPSON,  
THE ARCHAEOLOGIST? HOLD ON,  
I'LL SEE IF THERE'S ANYTHING ON  
HIM IN OUR MORGUE!

SELPIN-? SHARRON-? AH,  
HERE IT IS-HENRY SIMPSON!  
HM-M? THERE'S ANOTHER  
NAME ON HIS CARD!!

HELLO, KIP! ALL WE HAVE ON HIM,  
IS THAT HE RETURNED WITH A  
JOHN GRANT, FROM AN EXPEDITION  
FOUR YEARS AGO-YES-THERE'S AN  
ADDRESS ON GRANT!

HOTEL NORTHLIKE, EH? THANKS, BABS, YOU'VE  
TOLD ME ALL I WANT  
TO KNOW!

LET'S GO TO THE HOTEL NORTHLIKE-  
THERE ISN'T A SECOND TO  
LOSE, SARGE!

HOW DO YE KNOW  
THIS GRANT IS IN  
ANY DANGER,  
DAGNABBIT?

IF THIS GRAND LAMA  
STRUCK IN SUCH A HURRY,  
THE CHANCES ARE HE  
WON'T WASTE MUCH  
TIME WITH  
GRANT.



JUMPING JUPITER!  
MY HUNCH WAS  
RIGHT!

GLORY BE!  
ANOTHER  
CORPSE!



NOT QUITE! HE'S STILL BREATHING!  
SAY, NOTICE ANYTHING STRANGE  
ABOUT THE WAY HIS HANDS  
ARE TIED, SARGE?



A FINE TIME TO CONDUCT  
A QUIZ PROGRAM-A  
GUY IS DYIN', AND---

NOT QUITE,  
SARGE! HE'S  
COMING TO,  
NOW!



WH-WHAT  
HAPPENED  
?

SUPPOSE YOU TELL US! YOUR  
ASSOCIATE,  
JOHN GRANT,  
WAS JUST  
MURDERED  
BY A GRAND  
LAMA!



THE GRAND LAMA!! I SHOULD  
HAVE KNOWN-THE RUBY--  
THE BLOOD RED  
RUBY!!



IT'S GONE!

I'M GLAD THE CURSED THING IS GONE! IF I HAD MY WAY, I'D HAVE RETURNED IT YEARS AGO!

WHAT'S ALL THESE SHENANIGANS ABOUT, ANYWAY?

IT ALL STARTED FIVE YEARS AGO! SIMPSON AND I WERE ON AN EXPLORING EXPEDITION IN TIBET! SOMEHOW, WE GOT SEPARATED FROM OUR PARTY IN THE LOFTY TIBETAN MOUNTAINS!



FOR DAYS WE WANDERED IN THOSE BITTER COLD HILLS, HITHERTO UNTOUCHED BY CIVILIZED MAN - WE WERE HOPELESSLY LOST!



OUR HEARTS ALMOST BURSTING IN OUR CHESTS, WE ATTAINED THE SUMMIT, AND---

JOHN-A CITY-WE'RE SAVED!!!



HOW WE MANAGED TO CRAWL THE REST OF THE WAY INTO THE CITY, I'LL NEVER KNOW! BUT WE DID, BEFORE WE LOST CONSCIOUSNESS!



WHEN WE REGAINED OUR SENSES, I DON'T KNOW HOW MUCH LATER, IT WAS TO FIND OURSELVES IN A STRANGE ROOM, TENDED BYAN EVEN STRANGER PERSON!



IT WAS WEEKS BEFORE WE RECOVERED! WE TRIED TO THANK OUR RESCUER-A TIBETAN MONK--

WE CAN NEVER REPAY YOU!

YOU OWE ME NOTHING-THE CREED OF OUR TRIBE IS-'MERCY AND PEACE'!



I AM THE GRAND LAMA OF THIS TRIBE! COME, I WILL SHOW YOU YOUR REAL BENEFATOR!



HERE HE IS-THE IMAGE OF OUR GOD! IT WAS HE WHO LED YOUR STEPS TO THIS CITY-FOR HIS EYES IS THE WISDOM OF THE AGES!



WE LOOKED AT THE YEIRO IDOL-SUDDENLY, WE SAW SOMETHING THAT TRANS-FIXED BOTH OF US!



THE EYES OF THE IDOL WERE MADE OF BLOOD-RED RUBIES! THE MOST BEAUTIFUL GEMS WE HAD EVER SEEN!



HENRY WENT MAD!! PULLED OUT HIS GUN-AND BEFORE  
I COULD DO A THING, SHOT THE LAMA! ---



HENRY, YOU FOOL-  
WHAT HAVE  
YOU DONE?



FRANTICALLY, HE CLIMBED UP THE  
IDOL AND HACKED, AND GOUGED AT  
THE PRECIOUS EYES!



LOOK AT THEM,  
JOHN-A KING'S  
RANSOM!!



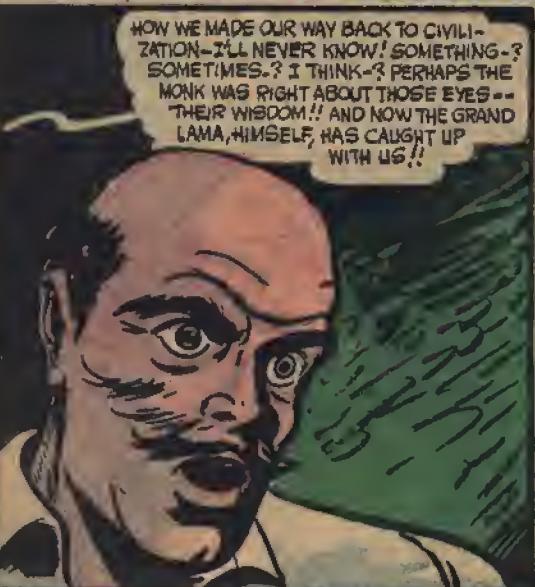
WE'VE GOT TO  
GET OUT OF  
HERE, OR WE'LL  
NEVER LIVE TO  
ENJOY  
THEM!

-BUT, AS WE FLED---

A CURSE ON YOU! MY SPIRIT WILL  
FOLLOW YOU WHEREVER YOU  
GO, UNTIL THE EYES ARE RE-  
TURNED TO MY GOD, AND  
YOUR TREACHERY  
AVENGED!



HOW WE MADE OUR WAY BACK TO CIVILI-  
ZATION-I'LL NEVER KNOW! SOMETHING? -?  
SOMETIMES? I THINK-? PERHAPS THE  
MONK WAS RIGHT ABOUT THOSE EYES--  
THEIR WISDOM!! AND NOW THE GRAND  
LAMA, HIMSELF, HAS CAUGHT UP  
WITH US!!



NOW, WAIT A MINUTE-YOU DON'T EXPECT  
US TO BELIEVE A CURSE KILLED SIMPSON?  
-AND ALMOST GOT YOU?



IM JUST TELLING YOU  
WHAT HAPPENED,  
SERGEANT!

WELL, IF YOU  
WANT POLICE  
PROTECTION -?

NO THANKS! WITH THE SACRED  
RUBIES GONE, MY LIFE IS NO  
LONGER IN DANGER!

ER-I'D BETTER STICK  
AROUND ANYWAY, SARGE!  
JUST IN CASE---

YEAH-I'LL GO BACK AND  
SEE WHAT HOMICIDE HAS  
TO REPORT!

NOW, LET'S COMPARE THIS TYPEWRITTEN  
NOTE I SWIPED FROM GRANT'S DESK,  
WITH THE ONE IN SIMPSON'S  
HAND!

WHILE BACK IN GRANT'S APARTMENT---

EVERYTHING WORKED  
PERFECTLY! NOW THEY'RE  
BOTH MINE!

LOOK AT THEM-THE MOST  
BEAUTIFUL GEMS IN THE WORLD!  
FOR YEARS, I'VE PLOTTED HOW  
TO GET THEM-AT LAST I'VE  
SUCCEEDED, AND NOBODY  
CAN SUSPECT!

YOU'RE WRONG, GRANT,  
ONE PERSON DOES  
SUSPECT!



TH-THE  
BLACK  
HOOD!



VERY CLEVER-HANGING YOURSELF  
JUST BEFORE THE POLICE CAME--  
IN TIME TO CUT YOU  
DOWN!!



UNFORTUNATELY FOR YOU, MY  
FRIEND, BURLAND, IS ALSO  
FAMILIAR WITH THE TRICK OF  
TIEING YOUR HANDS BEHIND  
YOUR OWN BACK!

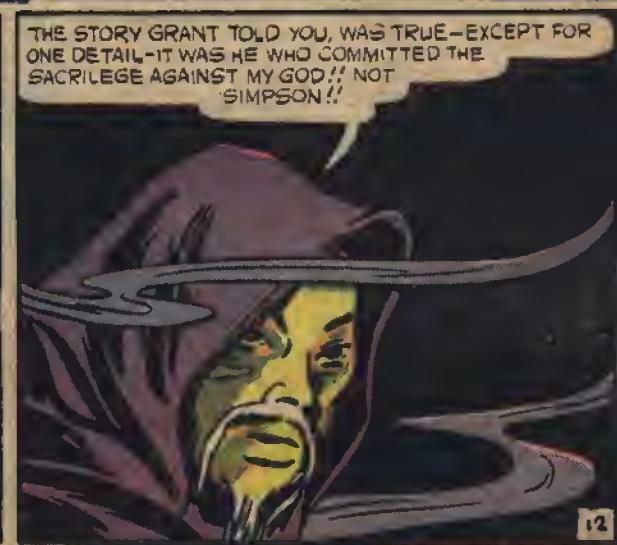
YOU-YOU  
CAN'T PROVE  
A THING!



OH, YES WE CAN! PERHAPS YOU DIDN'T KNOW  
THAT NO TWO TYPEWRITERS ARE ALIKE--JUST  
LIKE HANDWRITING!! THAT NOTE IN SIMPSON'S  
HAND CAME FROM YOUR TYPEWRITER---  
YOU MURDERED  
SIMPSON!!!







NOW, MY GOD IS AVENGED AND  
ONCE AGAIN SHALL HIS EYES  
GIVE US WISDOM!  
FAREWELL!

GONE—NOT A TRACE OF HIM—  
BUT HOW? I CAN'T  
UNDERSTAND...

DON'T YOU'LL  
BE KILLED!

AND SO GRANT KILLED  
SIMPSON, PROBABLY WITH  
A TELESCOPIC RIFLE—AND  
STOLE THE  
RUBIES!

AND THEN DROPPED DEAD  
WITH REMORSE, HUH? ---  
SORRY, KIP, YOU'LL HAVE TO  
GIVE HOMICIDE A BETTER  
STORY THAN THAT—  
IT WON'T HOLD WATER!!

I KNOW IT WON'T, SARGE! THAT'S WHY I  
WON'T EVEN BOther TELLING THE REST OF THE  
STORY—it'll just have to go on the records  
AS AN UNSOLVED MYSTERY!!

UNSOLVED IN POLICE RECORDS, MAYBE—but NOT ON THE  
BOOK OF JUSTICE! FOR, IN A FAR-OFF LAND, THE CRAGGY  
FASTNESSES OF HILLS IN TIBET—a TRIBE ONCE AGAIN  
WORSHIPS ITS GOD IN PEACE AND HAPPINESS!

FOR ONCE AGAIN, THE RED RUBIES, GLEAMING WITH THE  
WISDOM OF THE AGES, LOOK DOWN ON THEIR PEOPLE!

# LET'S PLAY

# DETECTIVE

CAN YOU READ THE CROOK'S CRYPTIC NOTE WHICH LED TO HIS CAPTURE ?

AT THE NEAR THE ON REED ST. AND PICK UP THE STOLEN OF GOLD, THEY'RE - - - .



DO SO YOU MUST FILL IN THE BLANK SPACES WITH FIVE FOUR-LETTER WORDS, EACH OF WHICH MAY BE SPELLED WITH THE LETTERS "OSPT."

IF YOU LOOK CAREFULLY AT THESE NUMBERS YOU MAY UNCOVER THE FIRST NAMES OF A GANG OF -

SEVEN NOTORIOUS CRIMINALS CAUGHT BY THE BLACK HOOD.

CAN YOU DETECT ALL SEVEN NAMES ?

5 7 0 3  
4 1 0 7 8 5 1  
2 0 1 3 1 1 1  
6 1 1 8 4 1 1 6 H  
2 8 4 3

TAKE THE INITIAL LETTERS OF EACH OF THESE 5 STOLEN ARTICLES... TRY TO RE-ARRANGE THEM TO SPELL ANOTHER ARTICLE WHICH WAS ALSO ROBBED.

SIX MEN WERE INVOLVED IN A CRIME. IF YOU PRINT THE TWO CORRECT FIRST NAMES IN THE BOXES, READING DOWNWARD, THE COMBINED LETTERS WILL SPELL FOUR NAMES READING ACROSS.

R	O	L	D
D	O	A	D



MISsing WORDS: STOP, SPOT,  
NUMBER NAMES: TOM, ART, BILL, BOB, GUS,  
HUG AND SAM.  
THE INITIALS OF WHIRL, AXE, TIE, CAP AND  
JOHN AND EARL WILL SPELL WATCH.  
HOLLY WILL SPELL WATTS.  
RONALD, HERB AND DONALD.  
JOE,

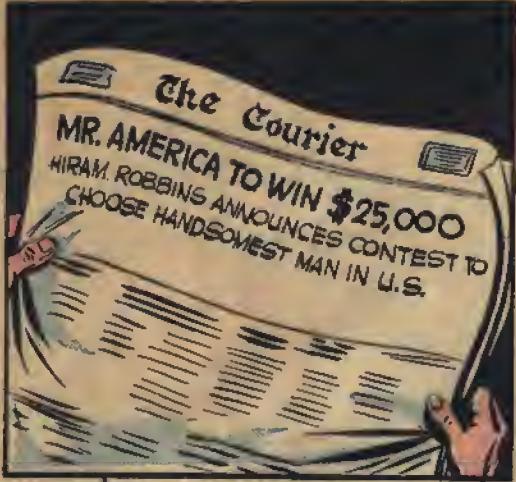
A. NUNSEN

# Black HOOD

THE CASE OF THE  
BEAUTIFUL  
CORPSE!

MAN  
OF  
MYSTERY

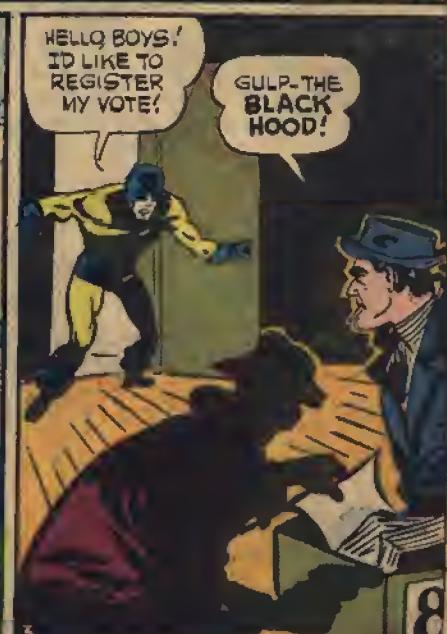




WHAT'S THE ANGLE  
ON THIS STUNT, ROBBINS -  
PUBLICITY?

RIGHT-I CONVINCED TH' CHAMBER  
OF COMMERCE IT WOULD PUT  
NORTHVILLE ON THE MAP-LIKE  
THOSE BEAUTY CONTESTS DID  
FOR ATLANTIC CITY!

I'LL SEE HOW THE VOTING ON MR. AMERICA IS  
COMING! THE CONTEST IS BEING SCREENED  
BY TELEVISION, AND PEOPLE ALL OVER THE  
COUNTRY ARE  
ALLOWED TO  
VOTE!



ONE VOTE COMING UP!



I'M STUFFING THE  
BALLOT-BOX TODAY!  
VOTE NUMBER  
TWO



COME ON, LET'S BEAT IT BEFORE HE COMES TO!



WHAT WERE THOSE HOODLUMS UP TO, ANYWAY? HM-M-THERE'S A RAFT OF VOTES HERE THEY JUST STUCK IN FOR CONTESTANT #8. I WONDER WHY?





MEANWHILE--IN THE DRESSING ROOM OF CONTESTANT #8

THE HOOD'S WISE TO US,  
PRETTY BOY! WE HAD  
BETTER DUCK!

HOOD OR NO HOOD,  
I'M STICKIN'!

IF I CAN'T GET THAT 25  
GRAND ONE WAY, I'LL GET  
IT ANOTHER--IF YOU KNOW  
WHAT I MEAN!

YOU'RE THE BRAINS,  
PRETTY BOY! JUST  
TELL US WHAT TO DO,  
AND WE'LL  
DO IT!



LATER, A NEW CONTESTANT TAKE HIS PLACE BACKSTAGE--

BOY, I FEEL SILLY AS HECK, DOING FIRST GUY I WANT  
THIS, BUT IT'S THE ONLY WAY I CAN & TO SEE IS #8!  
STUDY THESE GUYS WITHOUT  
AROUSED... SUSPICION!

THERE HE IS! SAY, HE LOOKS VAGUELY  
FAMILIAR--WHERE HAVE I SEEN  
HIM BEFORE?



ON STAGE, EVERYBODY! FINAL ROUND OF  
THE CONTEST COMING UP!

WHEW--THANK HEAVENS I'M OFF--HAVEN'T  
LEARNED A THING SO FAR--EXCEPT #8  
OUT THERE! I KNOW I'VE SEEN HIM  
BEFORE, BUT WHERE?

HOLY SMOKE! NOW I KNOW--  
HE'S HAD HIS PUSS UPHOLSTERED!  
BUT THAT'S PRETTY  
BOY FRAWLEY!



THINGS ARE BEGINNING TO ADD UP! NOW I KNOW WHY THOSE THUGS WERE STUFFING THE BALLOT BOX!

BUT I THOUGHT FRAWLEY WAS TOO SMART FOR MURDER! WELL, THE BLACK HOOD'S GONNA FIND OUT!

MEANWHILE, ROBBINS APPEARS ON-STAGE TO PRESENT THE WINNER'S AWARD!

PATIENCE, FOLKS! WE'LL HAVE THE WINNER, MR. AMERICA, FOR YOU IN A MOMENT! THE VOTES ARE BEING TALLIED UP RIGHT NOW!

WE'LL SAVE YOU THE TROUBLE! HAND OVER THE DOUGH!

WHAT TH'-A ROBBERY!

JUST A MINUTE, BOYS! I'VE GOT SOMETHING TO SAY ABOUT THAT!





UH-HERE YOU ARE, ROBBINS!  
I DON'T THINK YOU'LL HAVE  
ANYTHING MORE TO WORRY  
ABOUT!

YES, THANKS, HOOD!  
I-AH-BETTER TAKE  
THIS TO MY ROOM  
A WHILE!

BLAST HIM! IF ONLY HE HADN'T INTERFERED,  
FRAWLEY WOULD'VE GOTTEN AWAY, AND I'D  
HAVE BEEN IN THE CLEAR!



YOU'RE THROUGH,  
ROBBING! YOU MAY  
AS WELL SPILL  
THE REST!

GULP—ALL RIGHT, HOOD! I  
HAD TO KILL HIM—HE FOUND  
OUT I SUBSTITUTED COUNT-  
ERFEITS FOR THE REAL PRIZE  
MONEY AND THREATENED TO  
TALK!

LATER, SGT. MCGINTY TAKES OVER--

THAT WAS A NEAT  
HAUL, SARGE!  
FRAWLEY—  
HIS MOB—  
AND A  
KILLER!

YUP! WE DID IT AGAIN!  
THE COMMISSIONER'S GOIN'  
TO BE VERY PLEASED KIRY/  
VERY PLEASED!

JUST A MINUTE, OFFICER BURLAND!  
DON'T LEAVE YET!



WE WANT YOU TO SAY A FEW  
WORDS TO THE RADIO  
AUDIENCE, MR.  
AMERICA!

MR. WHO?  
YOU MEAN I  
WON THAT SILLY  
CONTEST?

LATER, AT PRECINCT 71—

I'M A REPORTER!  
WHERE'S 'MR.  
AMERICA'  
BURLAND?

YELL HAVE TO WAIT YOUR  
TURN—A COUPLA  
OTHER REPOR-  
TERS ARE INTER-  
VIEWIN' HIM,  
NOW!



AND THAT GOES FOR  
ANYBODY ELSE WHO  
MAKES ANY MORE CRACKS  
ABOUT "MR.  
AMERICA"!

GULP!



HEY, KIDS, HERE'S TERRIFIC

**NEWS!**

# Archie AND HIS GANG are on the AIR



You SEE them in your favorite comics  
Now HEAR them on your

FAVORITE NBC STATION  
EVERY SATURDAY

NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY

Beginning June 2nd  
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What a treat! Now you can hear the whole gang  
IN PERSON — Archie, Jughead, Betty, Veronica  
and the Andrews Family. Look up your local  
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Archie Andrews and his gang every Saturday  
morning from 10:00 to 10:30 a.m.  
(e.w.t.). Have the time of your life  
listening to their adventures. SOME  
ADVENTURES! SOME FUN! And  
say, will you do Archie and tell a  
real favor? Write and tell  
him how you like him and  
his gang on the air —  
will you? Thenx!



# GLOOMY GUS

THE  
HOMELESS GHOST  
AND HIS ANGELIC PAL  
**GABBY**  
by  
"RED"  
HOLMOALE

GLOOMY GUS MADE  
THAT HE LOVED TO  
BE A GHOST!  
HE'S LOOKING FOR A  
BODY-ROOMY!  
NOT FINDING ANY KEEPS  
HIM GLOOMY!

HEY, GUS-ST. PETE  
WANTS US, RIGHT  
AWAY!



YEAH-THAT'S RIGHT-I GOT  
TWO PROSPECTS  
FOR YOU!

SAY NO MORE-TELL US  
WHERE TO FIND 'EM!

-AN' WE'LL  
BE OFF!

NOT SO FAST, BOYS! THIS'LL BE A  
TEMPORARY SETUP FOR YOU-TWO  
WEEKS-MORE OR LESS OF  
A VACATION!



TWO WEEKS? I KNEW  
IT WAS TOO GOOD  
TO LAST!

WELL, IF YOU DON'T WANT  
IT? I THOUGHT YOU'D LIKE  
TO BE MILLIONAIRES AWHILE,  
THAT'S ALL!



MILLIONAIRES?  
GIVE THE STUFF,  
PETE!

I KNEW THAT'D  
GET YOU GUYS!



-THE TYCOONS, PERCY GOLDSMITH AND JIMMY SILVERS ARE HOVERING BETWEEN LIFE AND DEATH--



IT'S NECESSARY T' HAVE SUBSTITUTES FOR THEM-SO PEOPLE WON'T START A STOCK-MARKET PANIC!



MAYBE THESE GUYS'LL KICK THE BUCKET AN' WE'LL BE SET FOR GOOD-HUH?



HE SAID TH' ADDRESS WAS TH' RITZ-HOTEL! BOY-WOTTA JOINT!



LET'S TAKE A LOOK AT TH' REGISTER AN' SEE WHAT FLOOR WE LIVE ON!



THAT'S IT—

WOW-THE PENTHOUSE!



THAT'S IT-DOWN TH' HALL--



THIS IS SWELL-THEY'RE JUST MOVING OUR "POSSIBLES" TO THE HOSPITAL!







IT'S EASY TO PICK OUT  
TWO SUITS-BUT THIS  
LOOKS LIKE A CLOTHING  
STORE!

'SNO USE-TH' ONLY WAY IS TO  
TRUST TO LUCK-EENEY-  
MEENIE, MINEY,  
MOE!

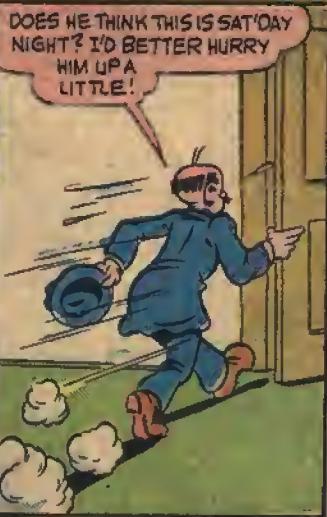
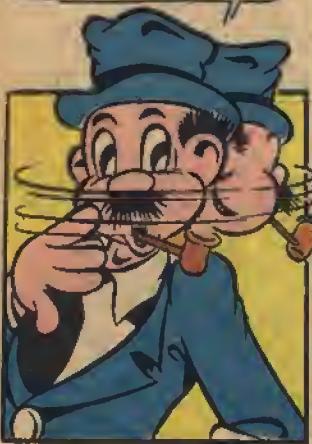
-A LITTLE WILD, BUT IT MAY PEP  
GABBY UP A BIT!



HE'S TAKIN' A LONG TIME-HEY,  
GABBY. HURRY UP, WILL YA?

DOES HE THINK THIS IS SAT'DAY  
NIGHT? I'D BETTER HURRY  
HIM UP A LITTLE!

WHAT  
TH-?

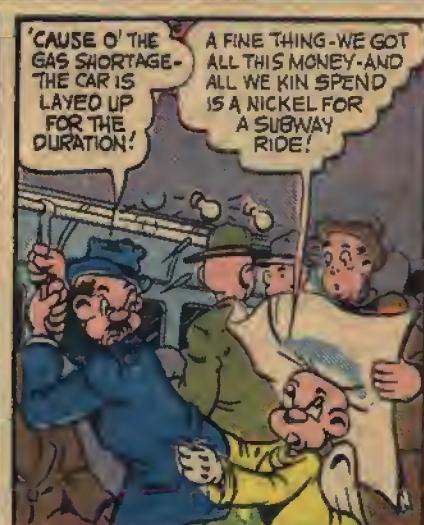


WOSSA IDEA OF  
TRYIN' T'DROWN  
YOURSELF?

DON'T BE A DRIP! GET DRESSED  
'N' WE'LL SPEND SOME OF THE  
MONEY WE'RE S'POSED  
TO HAVE!

WE KIN GO SHOPPING IN OUR  
LIMOUSINES,  
CAN'T WE?  
SURE, WE'RE RICH,  
AREN'T WE?





# A NICKEL'S WORTH OF MURDER

## A BLACK HOOD STORY

OFFICER Kip Burland was patrolling his midnight beat. It was very quiet. Curfew was sending most of the citizenry to bed at a much earlier hour, and to Kip's way of thinking, a very good idea. If more people went to sleep earlier, there'd be a lot less trouble. But patrolman Burland's peace was not to remain undisturbed for long. A figure suddenly hurtled out of the doorway of one of the houses on the street, and ran smack into him. The impact was so great he had to hang on to keep from falling.

"Whoa, mister. This is no time of the night to be chasing around that way," Kip said good-naturedly.

"Officer. Something terrible has happened to Mr. Collins," the guy babbled. "I . . . I think he's killed himself."

"Take it easy, will you. Who's Mr. Collins? Who are you? Count ten and start making sense."

"My name is Jordan. Robert Jordan. Mr. Collins is my employer. I'm his chief bookkeeper. Mr. Collins asked me to

work late tonight to straighten out his books."

"What's all this got to do with Mr. Collins committing suicide?"

"I'm coming to that," Jordan said. He was still breathing heavily. "He told me to call him up no matter what the hour, when I got through. I forgot all about calling him till I got home. Then I called him. He didn't seem at all interested in what I was saying. Instead he told me to hold the wire. Soon I heard a shot. And that's about all, I guess."

"That's enough," said Kip. "Come on. We're going over to Collins' place."

In a short while, Kip and Jordan were at Collins' door. It was locked from the outside. Kip placed his shoulder against it, and heaved heavily. There was a splintering sound as it gave way.

Kip almost fell over the body stretched out on the floor in the foyer. The phone was off the hook, and dangling from its wire. He examined the body carefully, and removed the gun from the stiff fingers with a

handkerchief. Then he went over to the phone, looked at it for a while, turned to Jordan and said, "that's a funny exchange for this neighborhood. Did Mr. Collins give you his phone number when he asked you to call?"

"Why, no. Funny he didn't, now that you mention it. I guess he forgot. I got it through information."

"Hm . . . I see. Well, there's nothing more you can do. You go on, and get some sleep. The police'll call you when they need you."

"Sleep. I won't sleep for a week thinking of this terrible thing," Jordan replied. "I knew Mr. Collins was depressed lately. He had a good many business worries. But I . . . I never thought he'd do anything like . . . like this."

"Well, there's no accounting for the strange notions that come into people's heads. Any way, you can go on home."

Jordan left. Kip watched him through the window emerge onto the street. Then he did a strange thing. He didn't at all call homicide as

he should have done. Instead, he started to shed his police uniform, and stood forth as . . . THE BLACK HOOD!

"Yes. People get strange notions in their heads," the Hood intoned grimly. "Very strange notions. I've got one right now about Mr. Robert Jordan, the timid bookkeeper."

Jordan was at home. But he wasn't sleeping. Instead he was packing. "So far, so good," he muttered with deep satisfaction. "Everything went perfect. That dumb cop will testify that I was on the phone when Collins shot himself. They'll ask me a couple of routine questions down at headquarters. Then I'll blow town, and be in the clear."

"Going somewhere, Jordan?" came the low but vibrant voice from behind.

Jordan whirled. There framed in the window, crouched a shadowy and powerful figure. A figure that was legend to honest people, and a nightmare to criminals. Jordan saw it as a nightmare.

"Wh' . . . what do you want?" he husked.

"You, Jordan. For the murder of your employer, Mr. Collins."

"You're crazy. I . . . I

wasn't even near him, when . . ."

"Yes. I know what your story is going to be. My friend, Patrolman Burland, told me all about it. He also told me that you lied about calling Collins tonight, as you claimed."

"What! How could he possibly know that?"

"Because you said you'd gotten his phone number from information. But there wasn't any phone number on the base of the telephone in Collins' apartment. That meant that it was an unlisted phone. AND NO OPERATOR WILL GIVE OUT THE NUMBER OF AN UNLISTED PHONE."

Jordan licked his parched lips. His voice came out cracked and trembling. "All right. I didn't call him. But he committed suicide. You . . . you can't prove otherwise."

"Oh yes we can. If you weren't such a rank amateur, you'd have known that a man who puts a gun to his head and shoots himself leaves a tell-tale sign. Powder burns. But there weren't any powder burns on Collins. And that means the gun was held at a distance . . . BY SOMEBODY ELSE'S HAND. Yours, Jordan!"

There was desperation in Jordan's voice. The desperation of a cornered rat. "All right. I did it. I'd been using the firm's money, and trying to cover it up in the books. Mr. Collins found out. Threatened to jail me. I went to his house. Pleaded with him, but he wouldn't listen. I attacked him. He got to his gun. We struggled, and I wrenched it from his hand. The . . . the rest you know."

"Okay, Jordan. The police will be interested in hearing that story. Let's go."

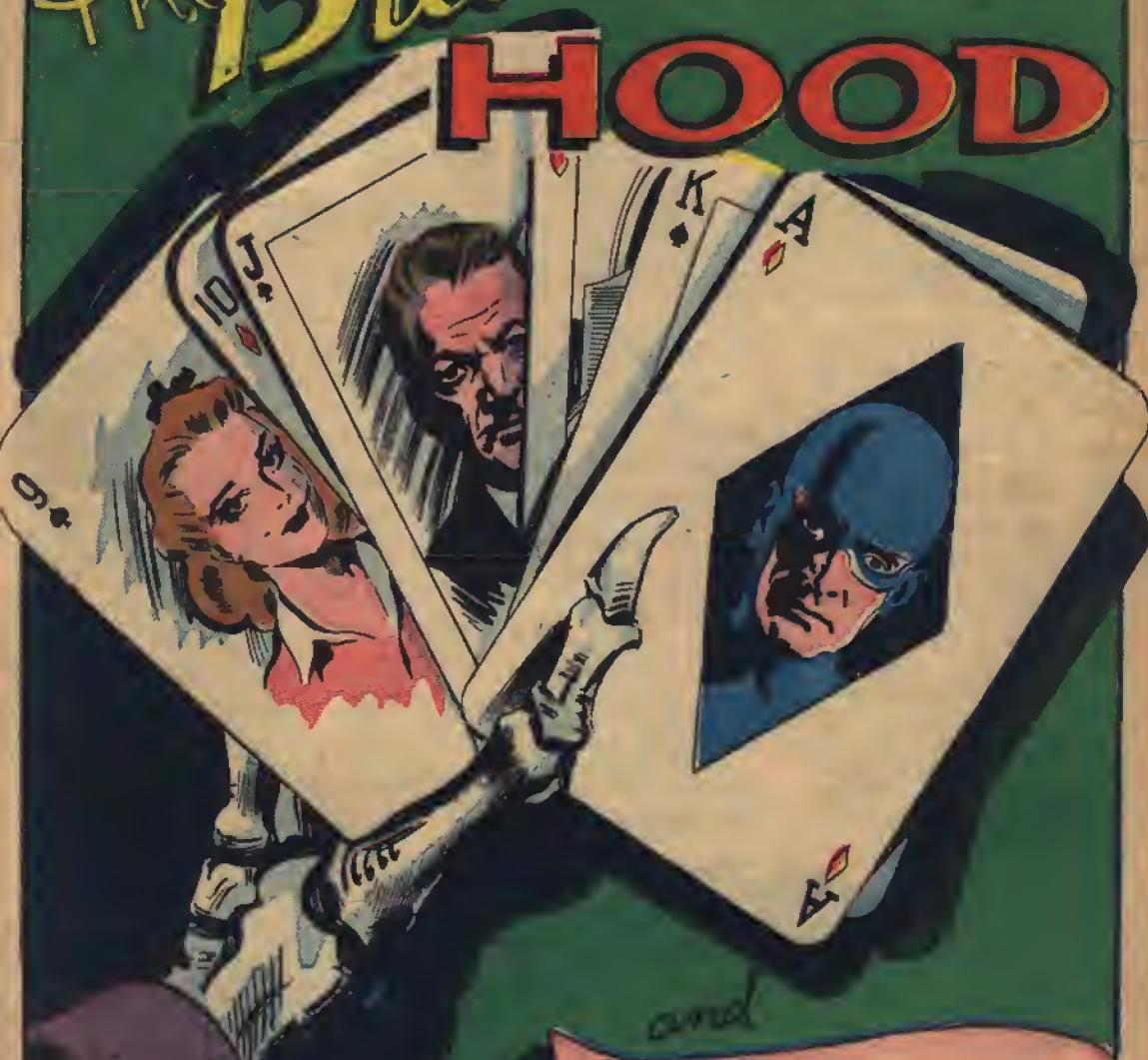
Jordan followed the Hood meekly toward the door. Suddenly, with startling unexpectedness, he lunged at the Hood. His fists flailed out wildly, and the Hood, taken completely by surprise went down under the hail of blows. Before he could get on his feet, Collins was hurtling wildly toward the window. There was the loud crash of broken glass. A piercing shriek that trailed the plunging body into the blackness below. A lumpy thump. Then, silence.

The Hood chased downstairs, into the courtyard, and up to the body of Jordan, which was now a corpse.

"Yes," he said looking down at the still figure. "Some people get funny notions."

# The Black Hood

MAN  
OF  
MYSTERY



and

THE CASE OF THE  
**FRIENDLY MURDER!**

PATROLMAN RIP GURLAND COMES HOME ONE NIGHT, OFF HIS BEAT TO FIND---?

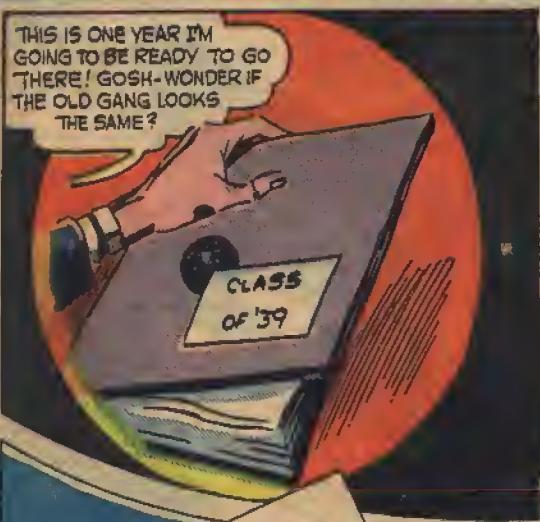
HMM? A LETTER FROM THE OLD COLLEGE!



WELL, WODYA KNOW?  
THERE'S GONNA BE A  
CLASS RE-UNION AND  
I'M INVITED!



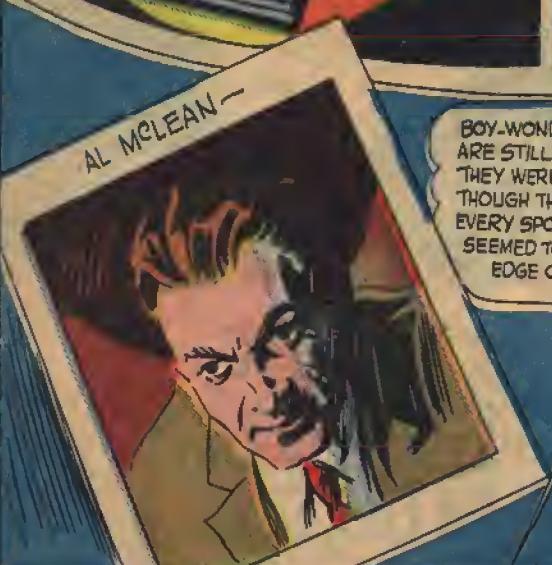
THIS IS ONE YEAR I'M GOING TO BE READY TO GO THERE! GOSH-WONDER IF THE OLD GANG LOOKS THE SAME?



HMM? 'RIB' ROBBINS-THERE'S A GUY WHO GOT UNDER MY SKIN! RICH, CONCEITED, AND LOVES A JOKE! -AS LONG AS IT WAS ON SOMEONE ELSE!



AL MCLEAN —



BOY-WONDER IF THESE TWO ARE STILL THE SAME BUDDIES?  
THEY WERE INSEPARABLE, EVEN THOUGH THEY WERE RIVALS IN EVERY SPORT, AL ALWAYS SEEMED TO HAVE THE EDGE ON BILL!

BILL FIX —



CLARENCE JORDAN-'BOOKWORM', WE USED TO CALL HIM! THERE'S A GUY WHO SHOULD HAVE GOTTEN SOMEWHERE! ALWAYS HAD HIS NOSE IN A BOOK!

WELL, IF I'M GONNA GO, I BETTER GET STARTED-THE SHINDIG'S FOR TONIGHT! BOY, I'M ANXIOUS TO SEE THE OLD GANG!



LATER- WELL, WELL, IF IT ISN'T KIP BURLAND!

AL MCLEAN AND BILL FIX-YOU OLD DOGS-STILL TOGETHER-EH?

NOT FOR LONG, THOUGH, KIP! AL'S DUE TO BE MARRIED SOON!



MEANWHILE—

HAW, HAW! THIS IS GONNA BE GOOD!

HA, HA-LOOK, GANG! I JUST GOT A RISE OUT OF 'BOOKWORM'!

OOOMOOO

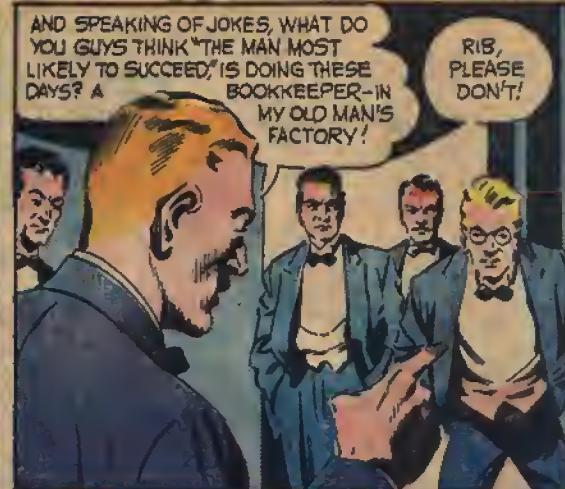


"RIB" ROBBINS! I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN IT WAS YOU—YOU HAVEN'T CHANGED A BIT!

WELL, WHADDYA KNOW? BOOKIE STILL CAN'T TAKE A JOKE!

AND SPEAKING OF JOKES, WHAT DO YOU GUYS THINK "THE MAN MOST LIKELY TO SUCCEED" IS DOING THESE DAYS? A

RIB, PLEASE DON'T!



I DON'T THINK THAT'S SO FUNNY, RIB!

I'VE BEEN WANTING TO DO THAT SINCE COLLEGE, YOU HEEL!

LEMME AT THAT BURLAND! I'LL TEAR HIM APART!



RIB WAS ONLY CLOWNING, KIP!

SURE—BUT MORE THAN ONCE I'VE THOUGHT OF MURDERING THAT "CLOWN"!

WELL, I CAN'T SAY I BLAME YOU, KIP! HE SURE PULLED SOME NASTY GAGS ON YOU IN THE OLD DAYS!

-LATER THAT EVENING!

HM-M? AFTER 10 ALREADY—I THINK I'LL GIVE BARBARA A BUZZ--



BUT AS KIP OPENS THE PHONE-BOOTH DOOR—

WHAA—

"RIB" ROBBINS,  
MURDERED!



BOY! IT DOES LOOK BAD FOR ME,  
AT THAT-IF I DON'T GET OUT OF  
HERE, I'LL NEVER FIND THE  
REAL KILLER!

SORRY, BOYS, BUT THE PARTY'S  
OVER-FOR ME! ..



CALL THE POLICE,  
HE'S ESCAPING!

THERE HE  
GOES-SHOOT  
TO KILL!

THE POLICE CALL GOES OUT, AND SOON A DRAGNET  
SCOURS THE CITY!



WHEW! THAT WAS  
CLOSE!



WE GOT HIM CORNERED IN THIS  
ALLEY-YOU GO AROUND THE OTHER  
END-I'LL RUSH HIM FROM  
THIS SIDE!





I DON'T KNOW,  
BUT YOU CAN BE  
SURE IT WAS FOR  
ANOTHER  
REASON!



SHH! I'LL  
EXPLAIN  
EVERYTHING,  
BARBARA!

KIP THEN RELATED THE ENTIRE STORY--

BUT YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE  
RUN AWAY! WHY, IT MAKES  
THE CASE AGAINST YOU  
EVEN WORSE!

I KNOW, BUT I  
HAD TO HAVE A  
FREE HAND WHILE  
THE TRAIL IS  
STILL HOT!



THERE'S SOMETHING  
ABOUT RIB'S MURDER  
THAT DOESN'T  
MAKE SENSE!

YES, BUT THIS  
HAS ALL THE EAR-  
MARKS OF A PRE-  
PARED JOB! YET  
HOW COULD THE  
MURDERER KNOW  
THAT RIB WAS GO-  
ING TO BE IN THAT  
PHONE  
BOOTH?



I TOOK A LONG CHANCE, GOING BACK TO MY APARTMENT TO GET THIS CLASS BOOK-BUT I WANTED TO LOOK IT OVER AGAIN!



BY GEORGE! I THINK I'VE GOT SOMETHING HERE! MAY BE THE ANSWER TO THE WHOLE RIDDLE!



NOW IT'S UP TO THE BLACK HOOD TO CLEAR KIP BURLAND'S NAME!



A SHOT--



LOOKS LIKE I'M ON THE RIGHT TRACK AFTER ALL! HOPE I HAVEN'T ARRIVED TOO LATE!!



THERE GOES RIB ROBBINS' MURDERER!



OOOF!

JUST A MINUTE, BUD!

OKAY, IF IT'S FIGHT YOU WANT--

YOU'RE NOT TAKING ME SO EASY, BLACK HOOD!

UGH!





I'VE HATED YOU SINCE COLLEGE, BLAST YOU!  
YOU BEAT ME OUT AT EVERYTHING-BUT  
I WAS FORCED TO  
ACT NOBLE!

BUT WHEN YOU WON LOUISE--  
THE GIRL I LOVED, TOO--IT  
WAS THE LAST STRAW!..

-AND THE LAST MILE, TOO,  
BILL! CALL THE  
POLICE, AL!

NEXT DAY--

WELL, KIP, YOU DID IT--BUT  
I STILL CAN'T FIGURE OUT  
WHAT IT WAS IN THAT CLASS-  
BOOK THAT PUT YOU ON  
THE TRAIL!

SIMPLE, BABBS! THAT LITTLE  
BLURB ABOUT AL PRAISING  
HIM FOR HIS  
PUNCTUALITY!

THE KILLER HAD TO BE SURE HIS VICTIM  
WOULD BE THERE EXACTLY ON THE  
MINUTE--PUTTING TWO AND TWO  
TOGETHER, THAT MEANT AL! UNFOR-  
TUNATELY, RIB GOT TO THE BOOTH  
AT THE WRONG TIME!

INGENIOUS MR. BURLAND!  
WELL, I'VE GOT TO BE  
RUNNING NOW!

WHERE ARE YOU  
GOING, BABBS?

MY OLD SORORITY  
IS HOLDING A  
CLASS RE-  
UNION! SO  
LONG!

IS SHE  
KIDDING  
ME?



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